He made a bluſhing citall of himſelfe,
And chid his trewant youth with ſuch a grace,
As if he maſtered there a double ſpirit
Of teaching, and of learning inſtantly:
There did he pauſe, but let me tell the world,
If he out-live the envy of this day,
England did never owe ſo ſweete a hope,
So much miſconſtred in his wantonneſſe.
Hot. Coſin; I thinke thou art enamoured
On his follies: never did I heare
Of any Prince ſo wild at liberty:
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme,
That he ſhall ſhrinke under my courteſie.
Arme, arme with ſpeede, and fellow Souldiers, friends,
Better conſider what you have to doe,
That I that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with perſwaſion. *Enter a meſſenger.*
Meſſ. My Lord, here are Letters for you.
Hot. I cannot read them now,
O Gentlemen, the time of life is ſhort;
To ſpend that ſhortneſſe baſely, were too long:
If life did ride upon a Dials poynt,
Still ended at the arrivall of an hower,
And if we live, we live to tread on Kings:
If die, brave death, when Princes die with us.
Now for our conſciences, the armes is faire,
When the intent forbearing them is juſt *Enter another.*
Meſſ. My Lord, prepare, the *King* comes on apace,
Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:
For I profeſſe not talking, only this,
Let each man doe his beſt; and here draw I a Sword,
Whoſe temper I intend to ſtaine
With the beſt blood that I can meete withall,
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now eſperance *Percy*, and ſet on,
Sound all the lofty inſtruments of warre,
And by that muſicke, let us all imbrace,

For